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Revelations of Nature.

Original.

EDUCATION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

LET us suppose the little one to be a child of only common intelligence, but under the direct guardianship of a person of uncommon wisdom, foresight and development, in all those peculiar qualities which go to form a good and true mother. Let it be observed that the word uncommon, is here used rather in regard to the present development of the world, than as indicating anything beyond what a mother, or the home-guardian of a young child, should always, and absolutely be. To such a one will be unfolded opportunities of good impression with every hour of the child's life; and to avail one's self wisely and discriminatingly of these, is, in the highest sense, to educate.

We must lay aside the false and derogatory idea that education, or the development, not of mind merely, but of character, is a forced and unnatural process; for this opinion is destructive to its true understanding, and its best interests.

The office of teacher, as I regard it, is that of one watching the varied processes of unfolding, and only administering such aid as the phenomena themselves suggest. If the subject is of only medium capacity, let this be faithfully done, in the beginning, and there will be no want of work. Fed in this way, the child's mind will grow, naturally and healthfully, as his body digests and assimilates its proper food; and the whole process, being a gratification of natural desire, must give continual pleasure; for it is a vital law that the legitimate exercise of any faculty is attended by pleasurable emotions. And this does not preclude the idea of discipline, or labor in education, at all. Gymnastic exercises, and all athletic sports, strain the muscles, and fatigue the body; but are they not, for this very reason, pleasures, because they allay the irritation, and satiate the muscular activity, when the accumulated excitability, becoming painful in the latent state, demands freedom and exercise. And just so it is with the mind. Feeling the

irritability of unawakened strength, in a degree according to its power, it solicits development, by activity, exercise, and even severe labor.

But let us return to the child. We will suppose he has just now completed his sixth year. In that brief space he has been concentrating the elements of all knowledge; for the rudiments of all spiritual life are now, either active or latent, in his unfolding mind. He has learned the names of the objects around him, and also, with more or less precision, to describe, or define them. He has completed the cycle of familiar wonders; and now, by an irreversible law of nature, he must come up into higher modes of thought, and higher relations with the world, both subjectively and objectively.

"Well; there are books;" one will say, "There are books, and schools, expressly adapted to the age, condition, and degree of expansion in the child. Let us now, really, go to work, and commence his education."

But what does the good mother say? In the first place she says, his education is not now to be commenced, but was begun with his first breath. And hear her speak further to the point.

"Here is a book—one perfect volume—not merely adapted to the wants of a single period of life, but to all ages—to the whole rudimental being of men—the Child's Primer—the primary Class-book—the profoundest essence of all philosophy—the great Gospel of Humanity—the precious Book of Nature—a self-illuminated volume of Poetry and Beauty. And although this august work, whose first impression was made in the morning of Time—with the unworn types of a new creation—is cast aside by many as puerile, and unworthy of attention—and that not merely in childhood, but through all the first stage of life, yet have I chosen it for the instruction of my child."

And this is worthy of consideration. Men walk in the midst of beauties and mysteries, and behold them not; for their eyes are blinded by the glare of false lights, and their feet are going astray after false teachers. In the pseudo-refinement of our so-called civilization, we have set aside, and insulted Nature; and she, in her turn, though striving long for the mastery, has well nigh forsaken us. We see it in the depreciated strength and beauty of the physical form, in the diminished vitality—in the shortened life, and in various other exterior manifestations; but in the interior traces of this mortifying truth, we behold more terrible effects. The suppression of good, and the development of evil—the cramped and stultified powers—the dwarfed intel-

lect—the distorted perceptions—the deformed character, and inharmonious relations, mournful as they are, are all results of original misdirection, rather than of any innate tendency to evil.

If we would be true reformers, we must lead men back to the point from whence they have diverged—that the mind, and the heart, and the whole being, may find their only true nourishment—and be freely fed from the bosom of Nature. If we do not this, though we multiply books and teachers, as the sands of the sea shore, we shall only intensify the darkness—we shall only assist in bewildering the weary wanderer of ages—the troubled and benighted Soul.

Let it not be imagined by this that we would have books entirely discarded—but simply that the mind should be permitted to unfold naturally, or according to the laws of its own affections. These rules, if the Race and the Parentage were always true, would be sufficient for all useful purposes; and no stimuli, as of rewards and punishments, would be required. But we see in almost every child diseased conditions, whether transmitted or innate; and to such, learning is oftentimes arduous, and even disgusting. The great remedy is to make development itself a pleasure, that it may be sought voluntarily, and loved simply for the delight it gives.

It is no bad sign that a young child, or even youth, should be disgusted with books, and long weary lessons which he can not understand. It is, in fact, a rather favorable sign than otherwise, that, under such circumstances, he should reject them; for it shows that he is not going to make a mere parrot, or word-machine of himself. He has a character and thoughts of his own; and they must be respected. Books should be accepted as auxiliaries in the process of education, but as principals, never. They may confirm the oral form of teaching, as they present the ideas in a more concentrated, convenient, and permanent form, but they should never set it aside.

The little learner looks around; and a thousand objects of interest or curiosity excite his attention. He beholds the birds, the flowers, the rocks, the woods, the waters, and all animate and inanimate forms. He must know something of their habits, their life, their distinctive character, and mission to this great world of uses. And when there is no morbid affection, or abnormal excitement of the system, what his mind craves as nutriment is the very thing which its health demands; and this should be always promptly supplied, because then it can best adapt itself to its true place in the mental structure, and be incorporated with the whole power.

We will suppose the mother is walking out with her child. Hand in hand they go, chatting pleasantly of whatever most attracts them; but the young mind has become satisfied with merely external definitions and descriptions. He now wants an answer to the *how* and *why*. We will suppose that Flowers first attract the attention. The mother perceives that something of exact teaching is now required. Seating herself on a bench of the summer house, or on a mossy rock in some wild and flowery dell, she draws the child to her arms; and taking a lily, or some plant in which the parts are large and distinct, she explains the different organs. She tells their names, and something of their uses, in the elaboration and preservation of the organism. The curiosity is stimulated. The desire to know quickens, and deepens, day by day; but at the same time, as the mental labor is nicely balanced by physical exercise, no injurious results follow; for walking in the fields, and talking about flowers, is a very different thing from going to sleep, sitting bolt upright on a hard bench—and that from sheer inanity—then being shaken, a little rudely perhaps, that he may prepare for his important lesson—and then paraded out on the floor, with winking and almost lifeless eyes to look in his book, and spell out the mythic syllables, beginning with b-r-a bra—very different, indeed! There is nothing strained—nothing unpleasant—nothing severe.

In this way the rudiments of Botany will be acquired. One cycle will be completed by appeasing the wants of a natural affection, and another will open. Thus Mineralogy and the natural history of the various classes of animals would come up, one by one. Then there would be the rudiments of Arithmetic, Grammar, and Geography, brought in almost daily, to illustrate ideas of number or quality, the propriety of language, the scenes of story, or the habitat of plants,

minerals, and animals. Along with these, or not far behind them, there would be teachings of philosophy, whether its forces were illustrated by atomic action, or in that of cohering masses; and thus the bases of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy will be acquired; though they may not be called by any such forbidding names. With all this, moral and spiritual teaching will be continually interwoven; and when, in the more exact processes, books are brought forward, every thing then will be easily and clearly comprehended; and the recognition of familiar thoughts, which look out from his new lesson, and smile upon him like old friends, will constitute one of the chief pleasures of study. And thus, as a tendril in its spiral journey upward is ever seeking for a higher point of rest; his mind reaches out continually, into the great Unknown, for a higher thought—for a nobler truth.

Thus will the qualities of a true motherhood be called into action. Day by day, and hour by hour, the beautiful lessons of Nature will be expounded; and the child instead of heaping up a chaotic mass of isolated and to him undistinguishable facts, is acquiring, although he knows it not, principles of universal force and application. They may come to him in the superabundant activity of his play-hours, or in periods of repose, when he quietly reviews the happy season just gone by; or in the sweet confidence of love, when he looks up in his mother's face, which is to him the brightest image of Divinity, and asks her of all that interests him. The cabalistic questions *How*, and *Why* are ever on his lips; and if they be answered well, great truths will flow into his mind, spontaneously as light to the eyes, or love to the heart.

THE LAW OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

MAN, as an individual, is capable of indefinite improvement. Societies and nations, which are but aggregations of men, and, finally, the human race, are capable of indefinite improvement. And this is the destiny of man, of societies of nations, and of the human race.

But whatever may be the heights of virtue and intelligence at which man shall arrive in future ages, who can doubt to his grander vision new summits will ever present themselves, provoking him to still grander aspirations? God only is perfect. Knowledge and virtue, which are his attributes are infinite; nor can man hope, in any lapse of time, to comprehend this immensity. In the infinitude of the universe, he will seem, like Newton, with all his acquisitions, only to have gathered a few stones by the margin of the sea.

It is in a similar strain that Leibnitz says, that the place which God has assigned for man in space and time, necessarily bounds the perfections which he has been able to receive. As in geometry, asymptote may constantly approach its curve, so that the distance between them is constantly diminishing, and yet, though prolonged indefinitely, they can never meet, so are infinite souls the asymptotes of God.

Now, what is the measure of this progressive career? It is common to speak of the long life already passed by man on earth; but how brief and trivial is this compared with the untold ages before him! According to our received chronology, six thousand years have not yet elapsed since his creation. But the science of geology—that unquestioned interpreter of the past—now demonstrates that this globe had endured for ages upon ages, baffling human calculation or imagination, before the commencement of the history of man.

From the flow of rivers, we have a gigantic measure of geological time. It is supposed that the Falls of Niagara were once in Queens-town, and that they have gradually worn their way back in the living rock for a distance of seven miles, to the place where they now pour their thunders. An English geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, a high authority in the science, assuming that this retreat might have been at the rate of one foot a year, has shown that the cataract must have been falling over that rock for a period of at least 36,960 years. And the same authority has taught us, that the alluvion at the mouth of the Mississippi—the delta formed by deposits of that mighty river—could not have been accumulated within a shorter tract of time than 100,500

years; even this period, so vast to all our imagination, is only one of a series composing the present epoch; and the epoch itself is but a unit in a still grander series.

These measurements, adopted by our masters in this department of knowledge, can be little more than vague approximations; but they teach us, from the lips of science, as perhaps nothing else can, the infinite ages which seem to be its future destiny.

Thus we now stand between two infinities—the infinity of the past and the infinity of the future; and the infinity of the future is equal to the infinity of the past. In comparison with these untold spaces, before and after, what, indeed, are the six thousand years of human history! In contemplation of man, what littleness! what grandeur! how diminutive in the creation! how brief his recorded history! and yet how vast in hopes! how majestic and transcendent in the future.

In the sight of our distant descendants, all the eras which we call history shall fade into one; and, as to our present vision, stars far asunder seem near together, so Nimrod and Sesostris Alexander and Caesar, Tamerlane and Napoleon, shall seem to be cotemporaries. Nor can it be any exaggeration to suppose, that in these unborn ages, illumed by a truth, now, alas! too dimly perceived, the class of warriors and conquerors, of which these are the prominent types, shall become extinct, like the gigantic land reptiles and monster crocodillians, which belonged to a departed period of zoölogical history.

Few will question that man, as an individual, is capable of indefinite improvement so long as he lives. This capacity is inborn. There is none so poor as not to possess it. Circumstances alone are required to call this capacity into action; and in proportion as knowledge, virtue and religion prevail in a community, will that sacred atmosphere be diffused, under whose genial influence the most forlorn shall grow into forms of unimagined strength and beauty.

This capacity for indefinite improvement which belongs to each individual, must belong also to society; for society does not die, and through the improvement of its individuals, it has the assurance of its own advance. It is immortal on earth, and will constantly gather new and richer fruits from the successive generations, as they stretch through unknown time.

From the great Law of Progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God; thwarted by obstacles, which have caused for a time, a moment only, in the immensity of ages, to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat: but still it is ever onward. At last we know the law of this movement; we fasten our eyes upon that star, unobserved in the earlier ages, which lights the way to the future, opening into vistas of infinite variety and extension.

Amid the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, and universal agitations which surround us, let us recognize this law, let us follow this star, confident that whatever is just, whatever is true, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us through pains and perils, it may be, in the path of Progress.

In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity which shall endure to the last syllable of Life. Let the young embrace it; they shall find it an ever-living spring. Let the old cherish it still; they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence a new sentiment of their force, new revelation of their destiny. . . .

A life filled by this thought shall have comforts and consolations which else were unknown. In the flush of youthful ambition, in the self-confidence of success, we may be indifferent to the calls of humanity; but history, reason, and religion, all speak in vain, if any selfish works, not helping the progress of mankind, although favored by worldly smiles, can secure that happiness and content which all covet as the crown of life. . . .

Be it, then, our duty and encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not forget the past. All ages have labored for us. From one has come art; from another jurisprudence; from another the compass; from another the printing press; from all

have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derive something of its force from the earliest currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfillment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years, outstripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed. The goal is distant, but the march is none the less certain.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? Who would not be a reformer? A conservative of all that is good; a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge; a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles, whose seat is the bosom of God; a reformer of laws and institutions, which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement; a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, *reforming conservatives and conservative reformers*.

Finally, let a confidence in the progress of our race be, under God, constant faith. Let the sentiment of loyalty, earth-born, which once lavished itself, on king or emperor, give place to that other sentiment, heaven-born, of devotion to humanity. Let loyalty to one man be exchanged for love to man. And be it our privilege to extend these sacred influences throughout the land. So shall we open to our country new fields of peaceful victories, which shall not want the sympathies and gratulations of the good citizen, or the praises of the just historian.

Go forth, then, my country! "conquering and to conquer," not by brutish violence; not by force of arms; not, oh! not, on dishonest fields of blood; but in the majesty of peace, of justice, of freedom, by the irresistible might of Christian institutions.

EFFECT OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

LEAVES are more sensible to the influence of Light than other parts of a plant; and succulent leaves, as those of the Cactus and House-leek, are particularly so. The sword leaved plants and Misselto are less affected by this stimulant; and most of the Australian plants, having their leaves arranged vertically, or at right angles with the plane of the horizon, thus presently their edges instead of their surfaces to the light, are least affected by its influences. By the power of light the green substance found in leaves and young bark, is elaborated. This substance has been called chromule, or chlorophyle, and in its cells, through which the light acts with a peculiar power, the crude juices of plants undergo a process similar to that of Digestion in the animal system. The innutritious portions are thrown off by exhalation; and the remainder, or true and nutritive sap, which is called cambium, is distributed through its vessels which are situated between the outer wood and the inner bark, in its downward course depositing a layer of new wood on the one hand, and of bark on the other. Thus we see that under the action of light occurs one of the most wonderful processes in nature, that of transforming crude, inorganic substances into organic forms.

F. H. G.

A GREAT writer benefits us in two ways—by revealing to us the mystery of our own souls, or by making obvious to us the wonders of the external world. Taste should be educated by contemplation.

Social and Moral Ethics.

MAN AND PROPERTY;
THEIR RIGHTS AND RELATIONS.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE present hour is one of transition. Old systems of government, philosophy and religion are breaking up and disappearing. The time has come when the earth and heavens of the past must crumble over internal convulsions and revolutions, and give place to such new systems of things, as are able to acquire the ascendancy. In the work of these days mighty issues rest. These are Lord's days, one of which is as a thousand years, giving character and destiny to centuries. They are the "seed time," in the great revolution of the social and moral seasons, when on a well prepared surface the germs of immortal Truth may be planted, to spring up and become the hope and harvest of future years. With a sense of this responsibility, attached to whatever he may do, the Reformer of to-day goes forth, amid a host of antagonistic influences, but he does, or should, scatter only "good seed." It is important too, that he *work*, for what is not sowed by his hand will be supplied by another's; if not better then worse. A night must also succeed the day, an end to the season, and then no one can work. This end may represent the period of reorganization, after which little hope can be entertained for the purification of the elements, until another cycle shall have been made, and another upheaval have taken place.

Organization is the general order, and its nature can only be affected by the character of the constituent elements. Its duration and service will be commensurate with the perfectibility of its materials, and the harmony of the combining forces. While mediation is therefore of great importance, it is not of the highest; for with, or without mediation, the combination *will be* formed. It is not so certain, however, that the exact proportions will be observed, or that all foreign and deleterious substances will be excluded. Any premature movement then, to realize association, before the proportions and mutual affinities of all the elements are ascertained, can not fail to result in disaster. To this investigation there must be the utmost scope and freedom, or sight may be lost of some important principle of the science.

Impressed with this truth, the writer has thought to contribute his mite, toward the promotion of scientific, philosophic, and Christian views of the rights and relations signified above. The learned world has produced enough systems of political economy and moral philosophy, could these have taught mankind to observe the natural rights and social duties. It must be remembered, however, that these authors, profound and good as they may have been, explain the economy, morality and general apprehensions of the past, while they ignore the present and deny the future. It is possible, that a difference exists between generalizing the practical morality and social institutions of the ages, and an appeal to natural laws and impartial right. At any rate, the latter, not the former, is the course which the reader of these numbers is requested to pursue. It is useless to think of patching up old worn out garments with new cloth, or of storing away new wine in old skins; we must begin *de novo*; sit down like children divested of all prejudices of sect or party, or caste, or separate interest, and inquire of nature and of conscience. No approval shall be valued, no condemnation shall be feared, which flows from another condition of mind. In order to secure a full comprehension of the subject, and a just conception of the relation these questions sustain to each other, they are presented in this complex form.

We need not refer to books, to show that relatively, at least, there is no proper apprehension of the rights of man or of property. Our daily experience convinces us, that somewhere exists a gross misunderstanding of the essential qualities of justice, in reference to men's relations and dealings with each other. The universal conscience of the world bears witness that it will not do to be christian more than

one day in seven, and even then only in a formal way; also that *business* is not to be confounded at all with friendly and social intercourse, as the maxims of each are essentially different. Everywhere, the right of property is good against the right of man. Throughout the country it is acknowledged that the slave has the right of a man to freedom, and yet our civil polity is such, that the right of property, vested in the master, retains him in bondage, or brings him back to it, whenever he presumes to use his natural powers to assert his natural rights. The master has property invested in him, and in the eye of practical law as expounded in this land, the right in that transcends all other rights.

When so glaring an instance as this meets us at the very threshold, the reader will not be surprised to find similar indications at every step as we proceed in the investigation. Though we may not find slavery in the precise form here presented, yet the same unjust subjection of the man to the wealth, which forms the basis of all slavery in civilized nations, will be seen to pervade the civil and business affairs of all christendom. Nor are the results essentially different. Whether the inverted relation of these rights enables the man of property to own my person, or the products of my labor, the injustice is potentially as great; because it is for the products of my labor alone, that possession of my person is sought. It may also be remarked in this connection, that the most arbitrary master is not able to compel, under the chattel system, more menial and debasing service, than the capitalist is able to secure, under the higher system of wages. The contrast, ultimately, between a smarting back and a famishing stomach, may not appear so very great. The same power of property and disregard of man, which enables the master to realize a hundred or two of dollars from the labor of the slave, above his own support, enables the man of equal nominal wealth to realize an equal or greater income. Now as all income is the result of labor, his property has worked for him the same or a better result, than the property of the slaveholder, and robbed the laborer of an equal proportion of the results of his toil.

But it was not intended to canvass the claims, or order of the reforms, indicated by these evils. It should be remembered; however, that all radical evils rest upon a common foundation, a disregard of the great principles of human brotherhood and reciprocal justice. To bring man up to an enlightened conception and love of these, is to secure the object sought by the projection of all fragmentary reforms. It must here be assumed that the intellect of the race is now capable of something more than partial views and purblind experiments. Empiricism needs longer trial in the social system, no more than in our systems of medical science. It is more competent to form a new order on scientific principles, than to remodel the old, by everlasting patchwork and attempts at approximation. Our object should be, to inquire into the essential right and truth of things, for a natural system of civil and social organization; not to speculate as to what may be, to-day, or to-morrow, in accordance with the ever-changing standard of the world's indurated conscience. Without any attempt to decide what is right, or what is wrong, under the reign of Mammon, without intending to censure or to praise individuals or classes, who find themselves surrounded by circumstances, which compel submission to some extent, where all serve, it may be inquired, what is wrong, and what *would be* right beneath the rule of God and fraternity. Let us make this our aim; and elevated to a position of judgment, forget the lower questions of self-interest, or the success of an isolated sect, party or class. In this light alone should the "question of property" be discussed, as it regards the natural right of man, and just association of interests and distribution of the products of labor. This question covers the whole ground, where material difficulties are likely to arise; and once defined and fully comprehended and recognized, the process of organization would flow spontaneously from the new relations and conditions; because order, and not anarchy, is the divine method always. Anarchy itself may be regarded, indeed, as an order, though of transition. This question practically underlies all the disputed points in politics, socialism, and industrial reforms. The organization of labor has no essential obstacle, but what exists in an

ignorance or disregard of the generally received maxims of right, in their application to modes of distribution. Partnership can do nothing effectual for the laborer, or even the man of skill, while capital is allowed to share in that distribution; since the labor and talent, requisite to carry on a business, is very generally possessed, while the capital is confined to a few hands. Antagonism must exist, as long as a false principle is involved, whether it be in the world or in the phalanx. Indeed the world itself would be a combination of infinite harmonies, were it not for the falses of its organizations, which are working out their results in giant wrong, in wars, monopolies, systems of slavery and of wages.

Not to anticipate what is to be the second topic of discussion, it may be remarked here, that the claim of capital to divide with labor, rests ultimately on the same foundation, with every species of oppression, which the world has heretofore shaken off, and which we feel so fortunate in having escaped. It is also very natural, for capital as well as labor, to seek modifications of the system; since its continuance, in the present form, must bring ultimate universal bankruptcy to the business community, as well as want, deprivation and death to the producer. It is not the first time that wrong has sought compromise with its victim. The ancient robber, who lived by plunder of the defenseless peasantry, soon discovered that his cruelty was fatal to himself as well as to his victims. He therefore sought a mediation, sparing their lives to enslave their bodies. This was chattel slavery. Still further enlightened, he compromises again, and agreed, not only to spare the toiling from death and servitude, but to protect them from more barbarous foes than himself, simply in consideration of rent and military service. This was Feudalism, the second form of slavery, giving birth to the system of wages, under which we live. This last was also a mediation, where he becomes not only a protector and patron, but apparent benefactor, giving employment and *rewarding* industry! But uncertainty attaches now to all investments. The inhuman lie, working its way through cheats, and deception, begetting disappointment and poverty, where it promised plenty, has come up from the lowest even to the highest, and is now staring its authors in the face. In this emergency, what more available than another compromise, by which the old barbarous plunderer, divested of its outward name and form, but of none of its essential properties or aims, may be sent away on another world-tour, and thus the day of judgment be again postponed, till the accomplishment of another cycle! Upon the promulgation of proper sentiments on this subject now depends the social and political character of the coming ages; and even their morals and religions; for a healthy morality, or exalted religion can not abide a habitual disregard of social and civil justice.

To incite attention to the subject canvassed in the succeeding numbers, the following general propositions are here offered. 1. To reward capital, is a direct inversion of natural right, as the right of man must be acknowledged paramount to that of property, and property can not appropriate a portion of the products of labor, without asserting a better or superior right to it. 2. Any system, securing a premium to capital, however small, must result in the want, degradation and servitude of one class, and in bestowing unearned wealth and power upon another, the ultimatum of which shall be general bankruptcy and ruin. This is capable of being proved, not only by the general principles of reasoning, but by mathematical demonstration. A thorough acquaintance with the subject of capital and labor as now existing, can not lead to another conclusion. A few of the features it presents to the writer's thought, will be here submitted. They may suggest a train of reflection, which will be serviceable in giving force to the conclusions we shall arrive at, by a process of argumentation. The mere possession of a few thousand dollars, is rewarded now, the same as a life of industry. If a man have three or four thousands, to his idleness there is distributed the same amount as to the hard, life-long toil of a laboring man. Some ten or twenty thousands are equal to the best talent in the country; and the owners are rewarded for the merit of possessing it, as much as society gives its best teachers, engineers, builders, &c. If this were a matter merely of favor toward them, it would not appear so objectionable; but in order to be able

to pay them so much for idleness, society has grasped the productions of labor; and, having no other resource, perpetuates the wrong, by whatever deceptive force she is able to wield.

Suppose a man of ordinary business talents to realize seven hundred dollars a year, and pay seven per cent. on ten thousand dollars, to do business with. Then the reward of the capital is equal to that of the skill and labor of the man. Nor in partnership, where dividends were made to capital, could the result be different. Suppose, that in place of that ten thousand dollars, the capitalist owned that man, how could he obtain from his exertions any greater advantage, than now accrues from the working of this principle? We shall see, ere we have done, that to reward capital at all, is to confound all distinctions between men and things, and reduce the human being, not only to a chattel, but a machine. Suppose the yearly income of a banker, from his money, to be a hundred thousand dollars. As this is the result of labor or skill not his own, and is equal to the earning of about five hundred laborers, in what sense is his virtual relation to labor different from that of the owner of five hundred slaves?

Again; suppose a man's property to consist of horses or oxen. In ordinary exchange of labor or of products, their labor is canceled by the labor of men. In the joint-stock association, the laboring ox and the laboring man would be dealt with on the same principle, nor would the actual result be essentially different, if the capitalist owned the men instead of the brutes, except the increased responsibility it would throw upon him.

An ordinary house in the City of New York will rent for as much as the wages of a man, and consequently will command that labor in the market. If the laws which create the necessity of the tenants, and enforce the collection of rents, gave the landlord power to buy a man with his money, in the place of the house, his relation to labor would, in no respect, be different from what it now is. If the premises are employed for legitimate purposes, to the amount of the rent, deducting repairs, &c., the labor of the tenants suffer what the French call *exploitation*. If used for purposes most destructive to public health and morals, the relation of the landlord is the same, and would not be different in result, if he was allowed by law to own men and women, and for personal gain sell them to the infamy. In the name of brotherhood, it is asked, what meaning can there be in "coöperation," "mutual guarantee," and other cheering watchwords of socialism, when the mere chance of birth, or precarious fortune, in a most antagonistic state, determines the position of numbers, as entitled to live in luxury, without toil, or to labor on a plane with cattle and machines! If the reader will patiently follow the discussion, in the numbers which are to follow, he will be able to decide for himself on the correctness and importance of the general propositions.

KIND WORDS---USE THEM.

BECAUSE they fall pleasantly on the ears of all to whom they are addressed, and it is, therefore, one of the ways of promoting human happiness.

Because they leave an impression in your favor, and thus prepare the way for your greater influence over others for good.

Because kind words powerfully contribute to soothe and quiet your own spirit when ruffled by the unkindness of others.

Because they show the difference between you and the rude, malicious, or revengeful, and are suited to show them their wrong.

Because they are suited to stir up the kind affections of your own heart. There is sweet music in such a voice rightly to affect the soul.

Because they are so uncommon, use them that there may be more of such bright stars in our dark firmament.

Because they aid in carrying out the divine injunction, "be courteous," "be kindly affectionate one to another."

Because you can not conceive of any truly benevolent being who would not use them.

Because you have heard such words from your God, and hope to hear such forever.—*American Messenger*.

Facts and Phenomena.

THE FORMATION OF COAL.

Few people have any conception of the process by which those immense deposits of combustible matter were prepared, from which the fuel of the world in all coming time, or so long as fuel shall be required, is to be supplied—nor of the peculiar condition of the earth and its surroundings during the long period occupied by that mighty chemical elaboration. The thought that during the slow lapse of those uncounted years, and indeed during the almost inconceivable ages that had preceded them, no living voice broke upon the stillness of eternity, and no “moving thing that had life” existed above the surface of the waters, is one of peculiar interest and grandeur. Yet that such was the fact is made evident by the unerring record traced by the finger of the great Architect himself, upon his work. This was most clearly shown in the recent course of lectures on Geology, given by Dr. Boynton. We quote from a report in the *Journal* a tolerably accurate sketch of his remarks on this point :

“In the coal beds,” said Dr. Boynton, “traces of a peculiar vegetation had been found ; more luxuriant than any which now existed on the earth. This peculiarity, with the fact that no air-breathing animals existed previous to the formation of the coal beds, led to the belief that carbon existed in the atmosphere in the form of carbonic acid gas in such quantities as to prevent the existence of all animals breathing air. How solitary must have been the earth during this period of coal formation ! No birds flitted from branch to branch amid the dense foliage, and no living creatures traversed its plains or threaded the lonely forests. Verdure flourished and beauty shone upon its surface, but the essential charm of *life* was wanting. Silence, too, reigned throughout the world, broken only by the hoarse thunder of the earthquake, as the pent-up fires vainly endeavored to burst through the bonds which confined them.

“But this gigantic race of vegetation absorbed the carbon from the air. As fast as these plants died and fell to the earth, they were succeeded by others, which in their turn died and fell to earth ; and in this manner an immense mass of vegetable substance was accumulated ; which upon subsequent fermentation was changed into a mass of coal. The calling into existence of this race of plants was the great purifying process of the world. They were not of a nature to sustain animal life, but after they had succeeded in absorbing the poison in the atmosphere, and rendering the earth fit for the habitation of air-breathing creatures, such plants were produced.

“The vegetation of the coal period differed from that of the present day in the fact that nearly all the plants grew on the *inside* ; whereas nine-tenths of them now grow on the *outside*. They were somewhat analogous to the ferns, &c., of our tropics. All the plants found as low as the coal strata were of orders which induced the belief that throughout our planet generally, even as far north as Melville Island, where mercury freezes, a tropical climate prevailed in the carboniferous era.

“If the weedy substance which after decomposition and fermentation became coal, contained resin, or bituminous matter, as is frequently the case, the coal produced would be bituminous. If the bituminous coal was covered with sandy matter and subject to a slight heat, the carburetted hydrogen gas would pass into the sand, leaving the pure anthracite. Some-

times, being powerfully acted upon by the heated rock around it, it was deprived of all its gasses and changed into coke ; as is the case in Virginia, where large mines of that substance are found”—[*Boston Pathfinder*.

THE ARITHMETIC OF WAR.

It is very difficult to credit or adequately conceive even, the well-attested statistics of war. When such a philosopher as Dick, or such a statesman as Burke, brings before us his estimate of the havoc which this custom has made of human life in all past time, it seems utterly incredible—almost inconceivable ; and still more are we staggered by the formidable array of figures employed to denote the sum total of money squandered on human butchery. Baron Von Reden, perhaps the ablest statistician of the age, tells us in a recent work of his, that the continent of Europe alone, now has full four millions of men under arms—more than half its population—between the ages of twenty and thirty ; and that the support of this immense preparation of war, together with the interest and cost of collection and disbursement on the aggregate of its war debts, amount to more than one thousand millions a year.

Let any man try to form an adequate conception of what is meant by either of these sums, and he will give up the effort in despair. The Baron now estimates the war debts resting on the States of Europe, at \$17,418,000,000—how shall we estimate what this enormous sum means ? Shall we count ? At the rate of sixty dollars a minute, ten hours every day, for three hundred days in a year, it would take more than eight hundred years to count the war debt of Europe alone. Let us look for a moment at what England has wasted for war from the revolution of 1688 to the downfall of Napoleon in 1815. The sum total, besides all that she spent upon her war system, in the intervals of peace, was \$10,150,000,000 ; and if we add the interest on her war debts contracted in that period, the grand total will reach nearly \$17,000,000,000 ! At sixty dollars a minute, for ten hours in a day, and three hundred days in a year, it would require more than one thousand five hundred and seventy-five years to count it all. Add an average of \$60,000,000 a year for the current expenses of her war establishment since 1815, an aggregate of \$2,800,000,000 in these thirty-five years and we have a sum total of nearly *twenty thousand millions of dollars*.

No wonder the Old World is reeling and staggering under the burden of such an enormous expenditure for war purposes. Twenty thousand millions of dollars ! It is nearly thirty times as much as all the coin now supposed to be in the world.

WONDERS OF NATURE.

ONE of the most remarkable features of animated nature is the vast multitudes in which certain species exist. Nature has invested several of the lower orders of her children with a fruitfulness which, when contrasted with that of the more complicated and perfect animals, seems truly wonderful. When it is stated that a single pair of corn-weevils—a grub well known for its ravages amongst grain—is supposed to produce 6,000 descendants in one season, we have comparatively an ordinary fact in insect generation. It has been calculated that the queen of the domestic bee lays in spring 12,000,000 eggs within the space of twenty days. More wonderful, still, the female ant

lays 80,000 eggs per day. And yet nature has been ascertained to give to certain creatures a much greater power of production. An eminent naturalist has proved that, in five generations, the aphid, or plant-louse, may be the mother of nearly 6,000,000,000 of descendants. The females of this species may be isolated under a tumbler, and yet they will continue to breed, females descended from them, taken at their birth, and also isolated, will breed in like manner; and this phenomenon will go on for many generations.

It is not often that the atmosphere of our temperate climate allows the eggs of the aphid to be developed in inordinately great quantities; but such an event sometimes takes place. The morning of Saturday the 24th of September 1836, was in England, one of singular warmth and geniality, succeeding a few weeks of uncommonly cheerless weather. The wind blew from the south, and the sun shone with the vigor of July. The air during the week had denoted considerable electric action, and on Wednesday there had been much thunder and lightning. On Sunday the 25th, and part of the ensuing day, the air was filled, throughout a large district in Yorkshire, if not more extensively, by myriads of winged insects of the aphid kind. An observer who ascertained the particular appearances of this cloud of new life over a district measuring twelve miles by four, or nearly fifty square miles, calculated that, allowing six insects for every square foot, there must have been 1,700,000,000 within that district, or nearly twenty times the whole human population of the globe. The insect was a hitherto unobserved species of the aphid, with four wings, the eyes globular and prominent, a bent proboscis, six legs of a tawny color, and a short tubular horn at the extremity of the abdomen. It was one, in short, of those which occasionally appear in warmer countries than ours, and produce a universal blight. There can be little doubt that, if the heat which produced this phenomenon had continued a little longer, such a result would have ensued as far as the district was concerned. But after they had existed a day and a half, the weather once more became cold, and the 1,700,000,000 of living creatures perished in an hour.

The cock-chaffers and grubs, which prove so destructive to growing victual, are also remarkable for being generated in overpowering multitudes. The cock-chaffer first came into Ireland in the year 1688. A vast cloud formed by them was blown upon the coast of Galway, by a south-west wind, and they soon spread over the country. In some places they so thickened the air, that it was difficult to make way through them. Whole districts in England and Ireland are occasionally laid waste by these creatures, or by weevils or grubs. Yet our sufferings from such causes are as nothing to the devastations produced by the locusts of warmer regions. In Southern Africa, they occasionally appear in such vast hordes, that the vegetation of the earth disappears before them. In 1797, Mr. Barrow saw a piece of country containing 2,000 square miles, which was entirely covered by them.

TABLE MOVING.

The amusement of table turning has become all the rage in France. A late Paris letter in the *Washington Republic* says:

It has invaded all ranks of society, and the papers contain little else. Many of the accounts given are serious and genuine, while others are the most stupendous frauds, meant, indeed, as such. A quantity of school-boys, according to the

Union, attached two wires to the chair of state of the master; they then formed the chain, and the chair and the school-master soon described the usual preliminary half revolution, which caused the pedagogue to turn his back to the class—a position which allowed the scholars to give way to sundry practices and to perform certain evolutions which would hardly have been ventured upon under the gaze of the teacher. Four pamphlets have been published upon the subject; one of them gives the names of certain Americans who introduced the science into the city.

A cabinet-maker in the Rue de Choiseul makes nothing but tables; he has chosen a form and weight suited to the purpose, and the supply can not keep pace with the demand. He asks 18*f.* a piece. Servants see their masters electrifying in the parlor, and are noticed often to be making similar experiments in the kitchen. I know a gentleman whose family are not remarkable for the disengagement of the requisite fluid, and who is obliged to send for his maid servant to help evolve the magnetism. She takes her place in the chair, her hands forming a lobster contrast with the pale fingers of her mistress. For the present we do not expect an explanation, or a practical application of the new power. We are satisfied to know that the Academy of Science are investigating it closely. The fact of the movement of inert matter under the influence of the human hand, unexerted, mechanically, is now acknowledged by all.

I understand that the same *furor* has been awakened in England, and that lords and ladies are amusing their elegant leisure in experiments upon hats, saucers, tables and wash-bowls. They would consider it menial to displace a table by the direct application of physical force; but to do it by the invisible action of an impalpable exhalation is quite another matter; it is a classic pastime, and a good half of a servant's daily work stands a fair chance of being elevated, refined, ennobled. Three authors, the other day, presented a farce to the manager of the Varieties—you know it takes three and sometimes four authors to write a farce in France—upon the popular topics of the day. It was entitled, "*La Table Tour-nante*." M. Carpier, the manager, said, "Gentlemen, I do not believe in this table business, and do not care to have any thing to do with it." "Oh, you do not believe in it," replied one of the authors. "Here, sit down with us at this table for five minutes, you shall see for yourself." The four formed the chain, and in a short time the table began to turn on its axis—if a table has an axis—to raise one leg, and generally to perform the antics in such cases made and provided. "Gentlemen," said M. Carpier, "your farce is accepted." It will be played for the first time to-night.

SUNSET FROM MONT BLANC.

A VERY interesting account of ascending this mountain in 1851, was given by Mr. Floyd, a relative of Sir Robert Peel, from which we extract the following: "Fancy yourself on a rock descending nearly perpendicular, sitting on a ledge; snow above and below, the shades gathering, the light turning from gold to purple, from purple to blue, from blue to green, to lilac, to grey; in fact to all colors the sky can assume; the solemn silence, only interrupted by occasional avalanches booming behind us; the wide prospect of country—fancy all this, and you can not even have an idea of the really awful grandeur of the scene."



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The design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

New-York, June 25, 1853.

PREMIUM FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

THE Semi-Annual Exhibition of the New-York Horticultural Association, which was in session recently at Metropolitan Hall, closed on the 17th inst. ; and a few words should now be said of it—not so much as an exhibition of certain productions, which compete with each other in rarity and beauty ; but for the humanizing influence that must grow out of this, and all such efforts to bring the common mind into acquaintance with objects for which the human heart has ever a deep and instinctive longing. Men are not naturally denizens of the city. In a true natural condition they are born to expand, and develop with the growth and beauty of flowers, while heart and soul, alike, are nourished and refreshed by the greenness of trees and meadows. And when by accident this derangement of position occurs, the mind will seize every possible means of escape, and return to truer conditions ; and though such efforts be but fragmentary, they yet appease the desire for that perfection of beauty, which never reaches out so ardently to any of God's blessings, as toward the fair and sweet children of field and garden, of the parlor window and the hot-house, plants and flowers. This is a universal instinct—witness their indoor cultivation, from the splendid exotics, occupying gilded vases, to the most common plants, and even weeds, in fragments of bowl and pitcher, that grace many a humble nook, where there would be found little room for them indeed, did not the mind so crave their beauty.

Whoever, then, or whatever, ministers to this great instructive sentiment of human nature, especially in large cities, is a public benefactor. There are many who will go away better for having seen all these beautiful ministers of the Most High, whose blooming lips utter divinest wisdom, and whose breath is odorous with love. There are hearts which no direct oral, or written moral teaching can reach, and yet, in presence of

beautiful natural objects, they become gentle and tender as a little child's. To such, what an unspeakable blessing it is to look in the meek eyes of a simple flower, and feel the magnetism of Beauty, stealing over all the senses, with unwonted thoughts of purity and goodness. The best part of the exhibition will not be left behind ; but good influences will be diffused through many hearts, that will look back to this time, as the Desert-traveler to the oasis ; and the freshness, the bloom, and verdure, will be among their most precious memories.

But we must leave poetry, to which the theme itself so naturally transports us, and come to a more precise statement of facts in the case.

On entering the hall, the eye is really oppressed with the splendor of coloring, which makes the whole atmosphere of the room, like the woven light of a thousand rainbows. We are naturally first drawn to the flowers ; and after having completed the brilliant circles, that open one scene of enchantment after another, it seems pleasant, and really a relief, to turn to the sober light, which invests the representatives of the vegetable garden.

After looking at the magnificent hot-house plants of Thomas Dunbar, which obtain the first premium, it is like going out of the too bright sunshine into a shaded room, to go round and look at the great cool first-premium Cauliflowers of Martin Collophy, or the unassuming potatoes, peas, and radishes of James Angus, which were equally fortunate.

But we can not stop here ; for the novel sight of an artificial pond, or basin, near the center of the hall, attracts us forward ; and we hasten away to see perhaps the greatest floral wonder of the world—a fine specimen of the *Victoria Regina*, an aquatic plant, native of still waters in British Guiana. This plant, which was discovered only a few years since, belongs to the same genus with our pond-lily, *Nymphæa*, and has the same habit, and general structure. Three fine leaves are spread on the surface of the water, two of them in their natural position, and the other reversed, in order to show the structure of the under surface. The leaf appears about six feet in diameter ; and it is said that it will sustain, in its floating state, a weight of fifty pounds. The frame-work, as seen on the lower surface, is of great strength, the principal nerves near the center being from two to three inches in depth. These are of a dead purple color, and occasionally decorated with hairs, so strong and stiff, they look like prickles. The flower also is to-day exhibited. It resembles the Pond-lily, but is much larger, and of fair white, passing into a blush red. It was, indeed, a rare and wonderful sight to see the regal plant, whose royalty is reflected, not so much from its queenly name, as held by right of nature.

There are several fine specimens of New-Holland plants, the curious arrangement of whose foliage at once arrests the eye—the leaves having their surfaces, perpendicular, not parallel to the horizon. Belonging to this class is the Sago-palm. The stem is about twelve inches high, and nearly as thick. It is ragged with the withered bases of fallen leaves, and exhibits the peculiar structure of endogenous plants, or inside growers, to good advantage. The leaves are in a large cluster at the summit of the stem. They are from three to five feet in length, of a pinnate form, the segments being extremely acute, and rigid.

There is a fine specimen of the India-rubber tree, *Ficus elastica*, twelve or fifteen feet high, and perhaps six or seven inches in diameter. The large, glossy, oval, coriaceous leaves,

are very beautiful, and the summits of the branches are crowned with the unexpanded flower-buds. These are six or eight inches long, of a fine rose-color, and appear to be rolled up spirally.

There is also a most magnificent leguminous plant, whose name was not annexed. The flowers are of a deep flame color, and resemble our Pea and Bean, to which family it belongs.

But we must not pass by the superb Pelargoniums of Alexander Gordon, gardener of E. Hoyt, Astoria, L. I. These are so splendid they really make the eyes ache; as do also the magnificent Fuschias of John Humphrey, gardener to F. Howe of Brooklyn, which won a silver medal, or a premium of five dollars.

We stop a moment at the fruit table, and although this is decorated with perishable varieties, which, after the three days, exhibition are now falling into decay, yet they show what they have been. The finest strawberries were from Isaac Buchanan of Astoria, and the first premium cherries were furnished by James Cuddlipp, of this City.

Taking a peep at the Banana plant, which is a good representative of its class, we go to look at the models of cottages, rustic seats, summer-houses, and other devices of the kind, by Mr. Jules Lachaume, of Yonkers, which are very ingenious and tasteful; and then, fairly shutting our eyes against other attractions of flowers of every hue, variety, and name, we get to the door, having come back again to the vegetable corner—into the sphere of economical Use. We must stop to see the great cucumbers, nearly two feet long, of Alexander Gordon, and others; and now we leave, not without looking back, with an instinctive sense of this great truth, that so long as Man is banished from the garden of delight, even a momentary picture of his lost Eden, will always soothe and cheer him.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

We have not given so much space as formerly to recent movements in favor of "Woman's Rights," not because that movement has lost either importance or favor in our eyes, but simply because we try to print a *newspaper*, and can not afford nearly so much room for the twentieth iteration of a truth, as we accorded to its original utterance. Hereafter, we can only publish so much of those proceedings as is essential to a fair history of the times, including such suggestions of Reform as are substantially novel or else particularly adapted to some existing exigency.

The point of view in which the radical viciousness of the present position of Woman appears to us most striking is that of Employment. To be denied the Right of Suffrage may be an ideal grievance, (though the source and support of others that are sternly practical,) while our interest in and attention to Costume has not been sufficient to enable us to decide with any confidence on the merits of Bloomerism. But that a young man of twenty, with any sort of aptitude for work, can almost always find ready employment that will bring him ten to thirty dollars per month above his board, while his sister, equally willing, energetic, and efficient, can with far more difficulty find work that will yield her half so much—this is an enormous and chronic injustice which scepticism can not gainsay nor levity dissolve in ridicule. What has Conservatism to offer respecting it? What should Christianity impel us to do?

To tell our hundreds of thousands of poor Young Women,

who are constantly looking this way and that for opportunities to earn an honorable and comfortable living, that the end of their existence is to be good wives and mothers, is to insult them most stupidly. What prospect have they, or the half of them, to become wives at all, while so many men spurn the restraints of marriage and riot in dissolute pleasures, and when so many thousands after thousands of our young men are lured away by the still increasing spirit of adventure, to California, Central American, &c. &c.? It is a decree of Fate that a very large portion of the Young Women of our older and more easterly States must remain single, while necessity and self-respect alike forbid that they shall eat the bread of idleness. They may, if comely, purchase a short season of guilty and debasing luxury by the surrender of all virtue, all sense of decency, all intercourse with reputable society, all trust in God, and hope of Heaven; and if the Father of Evil had arranged matters on purpose to drive as many as possible to this horrible alternative, he could hardly have improved much on the Social influences and usages which now surround the friendless daughters of the Poor. Even this is but a limited resource for a very brief season; and still the fact recurs that the great majority of our Young Women must, for a number of years at all events, earn their bread by independent industry. How shall they? and at what?

Needle-work has hitherto been the main resource of the thousands disqualified by delicacy of nurture or fragility of muscle for rough housework; and needle-work is now at its last gasp. We shall be careful not again to run into a hornet's nest by speaking discriminately of Sewing Machines; but, speaking generally, we may say—what no one who has looked into the matter will deny—that the needle is sure soon to be consigned to the lumber-room wherein our grandmothers' "great wheel," "little wheel," loom and "swifts" are now silently mouldering. Twenty years more may elapse (though we think not half so many will) before the revolution will have been completed; but the sewing of a long, straight seam otherwise than by machinery is even now a mistake, an anachronism; and the finger-plied needle, though it may be retained a few years longer for button-holes and such fancy work, has but a short lease left. That ever a garment or shoe was sewed entirely by hand, without the aid of machinery, will be told as a marvel to our grandchildren and received by them with wondering incredulity.

The *statu quo*, therefore, with regard to Woman's position is simply impossible. She must advance, or sink back into a state of Oriental debasement and abject dependence. A wider scope must be accorded to her faculties, or she might better have been born without them. Society must either secure her opportunity of earning an independent subsistence or shield her from famine and shame with the protecting though degrading mantle of Polygamy and virtual slavery.

The movements of our time, therefore, looking to a wider sphere of Industrial training and effort for Woman, are impelled by a terrible necessity. Place is made for her in the studio of the artist, the shop of the mechanic, behind the counter of the merchant, &c., because she can not otherwise exist in the equivocal position to which Western Civilization has raised her. Unless she is to be the substantial equal of Man out of wedlock, she can not be his equal in that relation. If she must marry to live, she will soon be constrained to marry whoever will insure her a living; any requirement on her part of fitness or sympathy in the relation must be regarded as an absurd and

impracticable fastidiousness. This point attained, the assumption that he who can support half a dozen wives has a perfect right to marry that number, is not to be resisted. Nay: assuming Marriage to be the sole condition wherein Woman may live usefully and worthily, the polygamist becomes a public benefactor, especially of the dependent sex. "The Woman's Movement" of our day, thoughtfully considered, is, in spite of the vagaries of some of its advocates, essentially conservative—a change of position to meet a vital though noiseless change in the industrial and social elements of Woman's allotted sphere, and as such should be regarded and respected.—[*New-York Tribune*.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY AT THE FIVE POINTS.

On the 17th instant the Mission House recently erected by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society at the Five Points, on the site of the Old Brewery, was dedicated to the cause of Christianity. The building is 175 feet front, 40 feet deep, and five stories high. The basement is divided into a general school room, and two dressing rooms, one for boys and the other for girls. The second and third stories are principally occupied by the chapel, which will accommodate about five hundred persons. The upper part of the building (two stories) is divided into residences for twenty families, with two bed rooms for each. The building is supplied with croton water, and gas.

All of this is in the place of the building known as the Old Brewery, which was the abode of a very large number of the most depraved and abandoned wretches that ever wore the human form. Drunkenness, gambling, fighting, prostitution, and murder, were the avocations of these beings; and no degradation could be conceived of, lower than that which characterized the inhabitants of this iniquitous den.

But what a wonderful and glorious change has occurred during the last two years! In place of the filthy vice and horrid abominations which have reigned unchecked in that locality for many years, there are the proper means of progress in knowledge, morality, and religion. Social and domestic happiness supersedes crime and misery; and real genuine virtue is awakened in the hearts of those long steeped in vice and depravity. All thanks, in the name of humanity, are due to the ladies of the society above named for their noble achievements, as well as to the many philanthropic souls who have aided in this important work. How many of those who are rescued from the deep depravity of the Five Points, will burn with increasing gratitude toward the instruments of their salvation, as they come to realize the awful condition from which they were elevated!

The success of the above enterprise should be the means of awakening feelings of genuine philanthropy in the hearts of all who are brought to reflect on the subject. Who is there that does not see some brother—a member of the great human family—who could be vastly benefitted by his friendly counsel, his brotherly influence, and his opened purse! Enough see this to place the means of happiness within the reach of the whole race, if they would follow the virtuous impulses within them, or even honor the claims of human justice. It is the monster *self*, which closes the eye of the mammon-worshiper to the nakedness of his brother, and which causes the wealth-made-powerful, to exact so much of the laborer's products as to drive him, through want, to crime, and, through unavoidable ignorance and crushed aspirations, to beastliness and degradation. Think on these things.

I. S. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HARMONIAL MAN; or Thoughts for the Age, by Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston, Bela Marsh; New-York, Partridge & Brittan.

THIS pamphlet of 129 pages is mostly a reprint of articles published in the various periodicals of the day, and among them are the papers on the Philosophy of controlling Rain, which many of our readers will remember as having appeared in the *Messenger*. The work generally partakes of the character and genius of the author, furnishing many specimens of the reasoning power passing so gradually and naturally into a pungent humor, or caustic satire, that we can hardly distinguish them. There is also an occasional glimpse of much poetic beauty, though it is not the ornamental at which Davis aims.

The work which we of this country have most especially to do in the reformation of the world, is thus strongly portrayed in the closing remarks on "Harmonial Brotherhood":

In conclusion, let me remark, that, with these PRINCIPLES in your souls inspiring you with the desire to make universal Love the bridal companion of universal Wisdom, you should exercise "the right of suffrage." By so doing, and using the means already specified, you may refine sentiment, and advance public policies; purge the existing parties of their gambling propensities, and thereby destroy them root and branch; and secure correcter conclusions on all public questions. And so, friends of humanity! so you may learn the masses to venerate the Principles of Universal Truth and Unity; teach the rising generation to apply the right of suffrage to the highest and holiest purposes; obtain the enfranchisement of the slave; secure the fraternization of all Europe; the analysis of all religions; the elevation of the heathen into harmonious nationalities; unlimited commerce; and the establishment of the Spiritual Church of Humanity.

It is something to us, my friends, that this hemisphere—our country—is already the battle-field of Truth and Error. The problems of the world are to be tested here, on American soil. Every theory of *human improvement* is to be thrown into the retort of absolute experiment, and tried thoroughly. The most utopian and diabolical—the celestial and terrestrial—are to have their acts on the stage. And thus the era of Plato—"the Spiritual Age"—will gradually steal into the world, when the divinity, and value, and natural connections of all things,—of Music and Poetry,—of Industry and Art,—of Science, Phenomena, Philosophy, Theology, and life,—ARE TO BE UNBOSOMED AND REVEALED! Old Theology is to disgorge its errors; new Theology its mighty truths. In America we see the "Hope" of the World; the "only son" of the Nations, out of whose Constitution will yet be born a new Social, Political, and Religious United States. Philosophy, at once the Incarnation of divine love and divine wisdom, in its mighty sweep, mapping out the whole nature, duty, and destiny of Man, is even now the morning Star, the thrice-glorious herald of the COMING DAY.

THE SHEKINAH of this month is enriched with a very fine biographical notice, or sketch of character, of Jacob Behmen—a Seer, who began to receive spiritual illumination about the opening of the seventeenth century—by Wm. Fishbough. This is a truly admirable sketch; and a handsomely engraved portrait of its subject serves as an embellishment for the number. There is a good little poem by our fair friend, Annette Bishop, and, a fine one by our own correspondent, Henry Clay Preuss. It would be difficult to find a stronger concentration of thought than we get under the question, "What and Where are we?" by Hon. Warren Chase. It is, in truth, "a world in a nutshell."

THE best preacher is he whose LIFE is a commentary on the written text of Goodness.

Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;

A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER XXII.—THE PENANCE.

THEODOSIA was greatly comforted by Jeannette's account, as well as by her own impressions; and when, on the next morning, she received a message to attend the Abbess, she hastened to meet her with a light and joyful heart; but she soon found, to her sorrow, that the "power behind the throne" was again interfering with the royal prerogative. In short, the Abbess had been overawed by the stronger party; for, with a tolerable expression of severity, she sentenced the poor girl to endure a most cruel and degrading penance. It was this—to pray two hours, kneeling with her bare knees on a pavement composed of fragments of extremely sharp flint-stone so adjusted as to have their edges presented to the skin—then to walk fifteen times round the garden barefoot, and at the close of each circle, to bow down and lick the ground with her tongue.

Theodosia had so far overcome her repugnance to the new diet as to take the nauseous soup, morning and evening, that she might have all the strength she so much needed, to carry her through these severe trials. The two hours of torture wore slowly away; and when she rose, the flints where she knelt were covered with her blood; yet no cry had escaped her during all this protracted agony. Did she know that the Abbess was shut up in her own oratory, praying to our Lady-of-Grace, for the poor child she had seemed to condemn with so little feeling? and did an impression of the thought sustain her? Certain it is, that although she perceived she was not invested with the full power that belonged to her place, her mind rested on the Abbess as on a sure and willing friend. In fact, she hardly thought of the physical torture, bitter as it was; for she was racked in view of the indignity to which she was about to be subjected.

When she was led out into the garden, she was partially reassured by seeing the Abbess there. She stood still a moment before she commenced her walk; for she was deliberating in her own mind whether she could, or should, make any resistance. For a few minutes the struggle shook her as with an ague; but directly she grew calm; and lifting herself up, she looked on those about her, while her countenance shone like that of an angel.

With a firm step she went out into the walk, preceded by the Abbess, and followed by a train of monks and nuns, while the old, groaning organ groaned out a *Te Deum*. Never had her fine form appeared so stately—never had her air been so majestic—so queenly—as when first putting forth the delicate foot on the hard gravel, with lips pressed firmly together, that the pain might not excite a cry, she commenced the walk of penance. Without a single apparent flinching, in nerve or feature, she completed the first round; and then, for a moment, she hesitated. It was but for a moment.

Before she stooped to the ground, she said, addressing the Abbess: "Yes; I now find I can do this, also. Nothing is hard, when the will is obedient. I submit—but not as a convict doing penance for sin—I look at my divine Redeemer, and yield myself as he yielded, to the brute force which I can not resist."

As she spoke, she bowed down; but as she was about to press that beautiful mouth on the ground, a terrible but familiar sound arrested her. It was a rattling noise, followed by a sharp hiss; and the next moment a huge serpent, which had escaped from the cage of a monk, who had a fancy for such creatures, threw itself into coils at the feet of the Abbess, and was just about to make the fatal spring, when Theodosia rushed forward. It was but the work of an instant to seize a staff from the hand of an aged monk, when a timely and well-

directed blow laid the monster, writhing, but helpless, at the feet of the Abbess, who, in her gratitude, and astonishment at the heroism of Theodosia, could scarcely be kept from going down on her knees, before one whom she had just been instrumental in degrading by a painful and unjust punishment. Then it was that the full power came back, with a force sufficient to overcome all opposition.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DISCOVERY.

THE Abbess was led to her chamber, and there, regardless of frowning monks and spiteful nuns, she commanded her own personal attendants to conduct the prisoner. And when this was done she dismissed all her attendants, and calling Theodosia to her, she bowed herself on her neck, and wept like a child. She clasped the girl to her bosom with an almost passionate embrace—it was long since she had folded there one so beautiful, and so innocent. Blessed tears!—blessed breath of the lovely and the pure, that fell so warmly on her bloated cheek! They were taking her away—back—how far back, and away—to the vineyards and olive gardens of Languedoc—to the dear old mansion where, a happy and sinless girl, she wandered with one as happy, and as sinless. And now—now, indeed—it seemed as if she were again there, and that sister were in her arms. Filled with this idea, she gazed on Theodosia. There was the same liquid depth of eye—there were the same flowing waves of chestnut hair—there was the same expression—nay, the same outline in the upturned features, as thus silently, they had, as it were, been perusing each other's souls. At length the Abbess, carried wholly away by the vision she had called up, exclaimed:

"In the name of Jesus, and his Holy Angels, tell me if you are Cecile Deroux?"

"That was my mother's name;" returned Theodosia, violently agitated by the half glimpse she had of the truth.

"Holy Mother of God! I thank thee!" ejaculated the Abbess, clasping her lifted hands together—"I thank thee that thou didst not permit me to confirm the last indignity, and thus degrade my own innocent flesh and blood!—Come to my arms, my daughter! fold me close—close—closer! for thou art the child of my long-lost dearly-loved, and ever-lamented Cecile—my Cecile, whose love slept in my bosom like an angel; and when she left me I was lost! O, my sister! look down from the sweet Heaven where thou dwellest, and say if thou canst, for the sake of all these long years of love, and sorrow for thy loss, forgive the wrong I have done thy child! Ah! she is my child—cast by a loving Providence into my arms! Theodosia, art thou not? Look up, and tell me, sweet! for now that I have something to love—now that the eye of Cecile looks on me through Theodosia, I shall not degrade myself, as I have done—I will not—so help, and strengthen me, Heaven!"

All this time Theodosia had been completely bewildered by strong and counteracting emotions, in which the strange and romantic interest she had first felt in the character of the Abbess was, perhaps, the strongest feeling. But the fervor into which that lady seemed as if by some magic power to waken—her deep and heart-searching tones—her touching reference to the love and memory of her mother—her affectionate and earnest manner—all contributed to strengthen the favorable impression, until at the last appeal, she felt only the joy of finding so unexpectedly a near relative—of loving one her mother had loved—of finding in this most desolate place sweet affections unsealed, and springing up as from living fountains. Overwhelmed by the conflict, she sank on her knees, and clasping those of the Abbess, gasped, rather than said—"Bless me, Mother! Bless thy sister's child!" The form collapsed; the arms let go their hold; and when the Abbess bent to raise her, she found that she was insensible.

Foremost among the summoned attendants came the faithful Jeannette, who had caught a ray from the new star of joy which had just arisen. She begged permission to take full charge of Theodosia for the night; for she very sensibly urged that after so many intense and opposite excitements, as had supervened during the last three or four days, it would be a wonder if her brain should escape inflammation. But when Jeannette, after Theodosia had been restored, and was

sleeping quietly, felt herself drawn to the arms of the Abbess, who whispered the newly discovered relationship in her ear, the poor girl herself went nearly frantic with joy. She laughed and cried by turns, frequently running to the bed, as if she would and must embrace her friend, and as frequently being drawn back by the Abbess, who from this time appeared so wholly changed one could not have believed her the same person.

But this revolution, though its impulse seemed to have been given in a single point of time, was not accomplished in a moment. There were long, and frequent, and repeated struggles, before the work could be complete—struggles against the habitual weakness which had, for so long, left her, bound in oppressive fetters, both of heart and mind. But now that she had some purpose in life—something to live for—something to love, and to defend—she was invested with the courage of a lioness—and more—the courage of a true human soul.

Persons of ardent temperament, and strong affections, wanting some intelligent object with whom to reciprocate their love, are often driven by the very activity of their nature, to find excitement in some inferior object. They fall into gluttony, drunkenness, and other forms of sensuality, not because they are by nature more depraved than others, but because their affections, not having free scope and legitimate exercise, become diseased, and oppressed by morbid appetites. The true remedy, in such cases, is some object to love, which is not only in itself really lovely, but which can reciprocate the affection. Thus, while the necessity is the same, or nearly the same—the stimulant itself is changed; and instead of the degrading appetite of the false position, it passes into the ennobling sentiment of love, or friendship, in the true. So the very power which contributed to sully and debase the character, becomes the most powerful agent in its reformation.

And meanwhile Theodosia, in whom dwelt the Love-Angel that wrought this blessing, was herself as unconscious of the joy and wealth she gave, as the dew that brings verdure and bloom to the bosom of the parched and arid waste; yet she perceived the change, and rejoiced in it.

CHAPTER XXIV—HAPPY CHANGES.

Our heroine did not, as most heroines would have done, have a fever. On the following evening she woke with wounded knees, indeed, but so deeply happy and joyful, so beyond expression grateful, when with her first waking glance she met the eyes of the Abbess, bending anxiously over her, that she forgot every thing else; and with a love almost filial, she sprang up, and clung round the neck of her aunt, murmuring in those sweet, low, loving tones, which only love can breathe.

The good lady was inexpressibly affected, and once again she entreated the forgiveness of Theodosia, and again vowed to break the habits of indulgence into which, from sheer inanity, she had fallen, and to make herself strong for the sake of this dear child.

As soon as the excitement had somewhat subsided, Theodosia told her aunt the whole story of her life, touching very lightly on those parts connected with Jozef; but yet, from the very care to keep the veil on, exciting a smile in the watchful Abbess. But when she came to her father's death, and the treatment of her uncle, the indignation of her relative nearly burst all bounds, so much easier is it to be angry with other people's faults than our own. But, to do the Abbess justice, her faults were not those of sheer bigotry, but sprang rather from the reaction of a checked activity, than from a natural tendency to wrong; and though she might, perhaps, justify herself in the infliction of the severest penance, she was not covetous; and as to entering into a conspiracy to rob and ruin any person, but especially an orphan, the thought was horrible! The people of the convent knew their business too well to let her into their secrets.

"There can be no doubt at all," said the Abbess, "Madame Montresse was employed by your uncle to accuse, and remove you. Ah! mon Dieu! what brutes those English are!"

"My father was an Englishman," whispered Theodosia, "and for his sake I must love his countrymen."

"Ah true, true, my child, but tell me again of this Jeannette I have

engaged for my ices. So it was a plot, after all; and she suffered herself to be shut up, and took prisoner's fare, and a prisoner's cell, for your sake, my child."

"And then tried to conceal her generous devotion, my good mamma"—it was the first time that Theodosia had called her aunt by that endearing name; and as she did so the lady pressed Theodosia's cheeks between her two hands, turned up the rosy mouth, and kissed it very fondly, softly whispering, "I shall yet be worthy to love you—worthy that you should love me—old as I am. It is surprising how young I am again. But of Jeannette. Ah, she must be a very remarkable person; she is poor, you say."

"Very poor, dear mamma," returned Theodosia; and her aunt's eyes filled again with tears, to hear herself so called; as she rang and ordered Mademoiselle Jeannette before her.

"Come hither," said the Abbess, stretching out her arms; "come hither, and let me know that I embrace one true woman." Jeannette sprang into them; and the faithful creature was rewarded by the appreciation she so richly deserved.

The Abbess had couches for Theodosia and Jeannette placed in her own chamber; for she was afraid that the intelligence would be abroad before anything effectual could be done, and the evil powers should again spirit the dear child away. Therefore it was that they had preserved the strictest secrecy in the convent; for the Abbess had not only many enemies, but almost no friends. The obvious service she had received at the hands of Theodosia, furnished a convenient excuse for the change which had been adopted in the treatment; and this the Abbess persisted in maintaining with a force of will which, for a time, kept the authority of her place inviolate.

Theodosia and her aunt had many long conversations together, in regard to the best means of restoring the orphan to her liberty and her rights; and in the mean time the former had written long letters home, with an abridgment of her whole history since parting. She also announced the joyful intelligence that she would probably revisit her dear country very soon, accompanied by her aunt, who had determined to resign her place and follow the dear child who had so singularly been preserved to her. Theodosia said that she was almost certain that the *Padre* was either in France or England; for she knew he would make every effort to rescue her from the clutches of the destroyer; and the Abbess remarked in the same connection, that almost beyond a doubt, the wily Father Larrasy was employed by the wicked woman who had sent her there; and again she cautioned Theodosia to be on her guard always, and let no impression of the great change in their relationship transpire; for said she, "he is wicked as his master, and cunning as the serpent he loves so well; you have, moreover, killed his favorite; and that is another black mark against you."

CHAPTER XXV—MINISTRIES OF LOVE.

"And speaking of Madame Montresse, mamma," said Theodosia, rising from her seat after one of these long deliberations, which like the story of the Happy Valley, led to a conclusion in which nothing was concluded; speaking of Madame Montresse reminds me of a circumstance of which I thought nothing at the time, but which I now feel may be important. During my last pleasant interview with Madame—just before she exhibited the medal—when I embraced her as I have told you, she seemed to shrink from me; and stooping, under pretense of picking up something, but really, as I then thought, to loosen my grasp, she hurried away to the window, and thence out of the room. It was getting rather dark, and the lights were not yet brought in, when I saw something white lying on the carpet before me. I took it up and it was a letter. Supposing Madame had dropped it, for I could see well enough that it bore her address, I put it in my pocket; and in the exciting scenes which so rapidly followed I had quite forgotten it, until to-day, when it fell out from among some drawings, along with which it had been removed, and laid away."

"Get it my love! get it quickly!" said the Abbess; for I have a presentiment that it will be what you wish and need."

Theodosia ran for the letter, and soon returned with the unfortunate

missive which was now doomed to speak the truth, contrary to the express will and pleasure of the parties most interested. They examined it. It was post-marked London, and was in the hand writing of her uncle. But though unsealed, Theodosia, whose notions of honor were very strict, had a horror of looking into it.

"Let me take the responsibility," said the Abbess; and thus saying, she unfolded the document, and with it a plot even deeper and baser than they had yet suspected. Various ways and means of taking her life were coolly canvassed; and the decision upon which they finally acted, was only adopted because it might be the safest to themselves. Here then was direct evidence; and while reading Theodosia clung to her aunt with an unspeakable terror, almost every moment breaking off to say; "Do dear mamma protect me! O, do not let them come here!" Again and again the promise was renewed; but said the Abbess, "we must keep quiet for a while, until this apparent excitement is blown over; and in the meantime I will have a plausible excuse for keeping you near me, by making you my seamstress, or employing you in fine needle work, or drawing designs for embroidery; but on no account let us show any thing like familiarity, while in the presence of any person except Jeannette. So all the while we can be thinking what may best be done; but thinking very quietly, my love; for I know better than any one who are the enemies that surround us." The course here suggested was promptly acted upon.

The ingenuity and good taste manifested by Theodosia in these works, as well as her sweet manner and kind attentions to those less fortunate than herself, made her a general favorite; and she came to be continually besought by her confessor, and some of the most distinguished nuns, to adopt the peaceful life, which they now took every care to make as pleasant as possible. To all those propositions she would merely say: "I will think of it;" or "I dare say you tell me truly. We shall see how it will turn." Her life was now, indeed, though she was a close prisoner, far more happy than it had ever been since she was torn from her own dear home. The quiet calm, after the late excitements, had a soothing effect on her mind; while the society of Jeannette had acquired a new charm. The conversation, now that her native humor could have play, was full of vivacity, and the most piquant little conceits; and the happy change which every day seem to confirm in the character of her Aunt, all tended to bring the serenest joy to the heart of Theodosia.

Peace again visited the disconsolate; and the lacerated bosom of the young orphan began to be healed. Nor was this season lost upon her, for the habits of industry she acquired were invaluable. She had previously known nothing of work as work; but now she had regular tasks, and took pleasure in the triumph of accomplishing them in a small portion of the allotted time; and then she was her own mistress for a season—a luxury which she had now learned how to value. At these times she renewed her practice in the art of drawing. She had never given much attention to heads, though she had often thought she had a talent for it. There was, lying very deep in her heart, a certain vivid memory, which had, of late, been revived. To delineate that, as the fair young reader may suppose, was her first attempt; and if a Rembrandt, or a Page, might have excelled it, neither of them could have greater joy, or comfort, over his work, than Theodosia when Jozef first smiled, so livingly and lovingly, out from the canvas: canvas, I say; for she afterward copied it in oil colors.

Thus several weeks went by; and Theodosia had almost given over sewing, so captivated were all with the efforts of her pencil. She had drawn most of the nuns, and many of the prisoners, and was rapidly advancing, not only in her art, but in the kind regards of all about her. These exercises were varied, and relieved, by visits of kind ministry to the sick and suffering, which all large communities, and especially those which are founded in an unnatural principle, are sure to afford. She was no longer an object of envy, as she had at first been; but blessings continually followed her steps.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE ARRIVAL.

ONE evening at vespers, Theodosia observed a stranger. At the first glance her eyes were chained to the small portion of his person

then visible; for she had a feeling that he was, in some way, connected with her destiny. When he rose, as he soon did, for at the time she discovered him he was kneeling, she could scarcely smother a cry of joy, or refrain from rushing to his arms, for she recognized the excellent *Padré*. He, however, though he appeared scarcely less delighted, and surprised, made a gesture of silence and secrecy. The ensuing hour, though it contained only its due number of minutes, Theodosia felt as if each one of them had usurped the place and principle of an hour, until, at last, when she was almost believing she was not to be sent for, the summons came.

How the heart of Theodosia leaped when she rose to attend the messenger! A few moments would decide her fate; and now, after she had so long sought to know, when the veil was about to be withdrawn, she almost shrunk from the view. Where was Jozef; and what ties might he not have formed? Then Madame Laurette, her uncle, her home, her liberty, with many other minor thoughts, whirled through her brain with the speed of lightning, as she hurriedly followed the attendant through those long dark passages alluded to before; for the message had reached her in one of the prisoner's cells, where she had an appointment, which she dared not break, as the Abbess was still externally very strict with the fair prisoner. But the first glance on the sunny face of the *Padré* took in a whole volume of good news. Scarcely was the attendant withdrawn, when, with a half-smothered cry of joy, she sprang into his open arms, and was folded to that truly paternal heart.

As soon as a tolerable degree of composure was restored, the *Padré* told Theodosia that he had learned her situation from Jozef and his uncle. O, how that name thrilled through her young heart, with a foretaste of joy, which, in her humility, seemed too much to think of—too beautiful to dream of—too lovely to imagine! He thought of her—he watched over her—perhaps at that very moment he was not far away! From this delicious reverie she was recalled by the voice of the Abbess, who reminded her that her venerable friend was telling her about Madame Montresse.

"Ah, Madame!" said Theodosia, blushing very sweetly at the same time; "do tell me of her."

"Jozef and his uncle;" pursued the honest *Padré*, never observing the fitting tints that made his dear pupil's cheek brighter than its wont—"Jozef, and his uncle;" he repeated, rather as if to rouse her from her evident abstraction than from any inherent necessity—but she only relapsed into the lightest and brightest little dream of woodland wanderings, far, far away—far back in the past—perchance far forward in the future.

"Jozef, and his uncle"—reiterated the *Padré*, in almost severe tones; for, with all his good temper, he liked not any inattention when he chose to speak; and in a moment Theodosia was effectually withdrawn from her reverie. Blushing more deeply than before she whispered, "forgive me, father; and pray go on!"

"Often called at St. Honoré," continued the *Padré*; "but in the course of a few days from the time of your departure they found the place entirely forsaken. All the pupils of Madame Montresse, who lived in the city, had risen, *en masse*, and having obtained permission of their parents, had returned home, inviting with them those who came from abroad, until further advices could be obtained. Madame, herself, had also gone; and no one seemed to know whither."

The *Padré* had met Jozef that very morning near the vacated seminary, and they had conversed long together in regard to the affairs of Theodosia. He had also ascertained that Mr Harding, his uncle, was an able and eminent lawyer. He had laid before the latter as much of the case as was known to him, together with the conditions of the will. Mr. Harding was clearly of opinion that there would be no difficulty in the case, at all—that the guardian had forfeited his prerogative, by having exceeded it.

Theodosia, then produced the letter from her uncle to the perfidious Madame Montresse; and when not only that, but the whole course of discipline and treatment was laid before him, the good *Padré*, uniformly so placid and gentle, came nearer falling into a rage than he had ever done before in his life. But when the relationship

which had been discovered between the Abbess and Theodosia crowned the climax of wonders which had been unfolded, he grew almost beside himself, laughing and weeping by turns, now embracing the Abbess, now Theodosia, until the former reminded him of the necessity of restraint, as his ecstasies were liable to excite attention; and that, with all her power, she could scarce insure success to their plans, should a discovery of their several circumstances and intentions be precipitated.

At this juncture Jeannette appeared, with a tray of ice-creams, and was formally introduced; for her history had already been given; and the most fervid blessing of the good Father was to her a rich reward.

"Ah," said the Abbess, with a woful look at the tray, which for several minutes had been forgotten—"Ah, mon dieu! the *Padré* is so affectionate he melts all the ices! Let him go to the North Pole, and live there!"

"It is very true," she continued, as this sprightly sally recalled the several persons most interested, to their immediate duty; and handing a glass to the *Padré*, she went on. "It is true that one should not lose the finest thing in the world—which only my Jeannette can give in the highest perfection—not even for stories of half a dozen wicked old men and women."

Thus perfectly restored to a good humored enjoyment of the present, Theodosia, and her venerable Tutor, sat questioning and answering each other till a late hour; while the Abbess and Jeannette were, for the most part, delighted listeners.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CONCLUSION.

AN, what a rose-light shone out for Theodosia with the glad sunshine of the next morning; and her devotions went up to the Giver of Happiness, like the joyful orisons of a bird. The *Padré* appeared at breakfast; and that they might be more entirely free, only Jeannette served at table. But the omelette and coffee went by Theodosia untasted, when she heard that, probably before night, she would be free. Application for her release was already made to the Brazilian Consul; and they were every hour expecting an answer.

When the cloth was removed the Abbess said to Theodosia, "We must not forget, in all this happiness, the more important duties of religion. I have arranged that you shall immediately confess, and, if necessary, do penance, my love."

There was something expressed by her manner, which was totally different from the meaning which her words conveyed.

Theodosia was puzzled perplexed; but she merely said: "Ah, well; that is very right—that is very pleasant—now while the *Padré* is here! How lovely will it be to take from him once more the holy Bread of Love."

"But it is not the *Padré*," returned her Aunt, gravely, almost severely, "whom I have appointed to confess you."

"And why not?" persisted Theodosia.

"Because I have my own private reasons, child. Do not question; but follow me;" returned the Abbess, with a covert smile to the *Padré*.

What if her Aunt had secretly determined not to release her! What if she should shut her up in some dungeon, where the good *Padré* might never find her—where she might never again behold the light! She felt rather ashamed, even of the involuntary suspicion—but after all the strange things which had turned up—the sudden and terrible reverses she had known, what might not be expected! The Abbess had some meaning aside from her words. What could it be? It might have been some thoughts like these which made her steps linger, and hesitate; it might be because the passage was dark and strange.

"One my faith!" said the Abbess, pausing for her to come up, "you lag behind as if there were a murder resting on your soul. But cheer up, sweet one!" she added, as she drew the fair creature into her arms, and kissed the pale cheek with more than even her wonted tenderness; "take heart, dearest! for it will be no such ugly thing as that you will have to tell!"

A peculiar smile lit the features of the Abbess, as she concluded. This was stranger than all, and, quite bewildered, Theodosia drew

back, still lingering behind. A sudden turn in the corridor brought them to the door of Theodosia's own private boudoir, which they had reached by a route, and now entered by a door, quite unknown to her.

"Collect yourself, my dearest!" said the Abbess, "and prepare for the solemn duty that lies before you." Thus saying, she withdrew a curtain which the young Artiste had used for her sitters; and Theodosia, and Jozef, stood face to face.

The mantling blushes, the intervening pallor, the cry of joy, the outstretched arms, and the long—long—but reverent and holy embrace—were a mutual confession, which needed no cold, formal measure of words, to make intelligible.

The Abbess had withdrawn. Hours flew by rapidly; and yet they had carried with them the history of those two young lives—the hopes, the fears, the unswerving constancy, the unquestioning faith, the infinite love, which now made them so dearly, closely, purely, and truly, one.

There is little more to say. Theodosia wept to leave the prisoners behind—wept that she could rejoice in her own liberty and happiness, while so many who had become endeared to her, were left to the wretchedness of a hopeless captivity—she wept, though leaning on the arm of Jozef, who wore the monk's costume—by which, under favor of the Abbess and the *Padré*, he had gained admission—somewhat too cavalierly to deceive the curious eyes that were bent on him.

Mr. Birnette, the wicked uncle, was taken by surprise. The Yankee lawyer came down upon him with such overwhelming evidence that he hardly attempted a defense. He was transported.

The *soi disant* Abbess accompanied the young pair, with the excellent *Padré*, to Brazil, while her character, under more healthful influences, continually underwent a most favorable change.

The joy of Theodosia on being restored to her home, the mutual transports of herself and Madame Laurette, on meeting, must all be imagined; for certainly no mere words could paint them. The good lady could not rest until Theodosia had visited all her old apartments, and especially the cabinets, that she might do honor to the love which had so tenderly kept them.

As they entered the little studio, on the threshold of which they had first parted, Jozef drew his young wife to his heart, whispering, "I can see now, as I have often seen her, the little Theodosia standing there, a sweetly sorrowful picture; but O, she was not *this* one—not *my* Theodosia—she who has been so refined, and beautified, and exalted by her suffering, that she has eclipsed her own loveliest image!"

The bright face was hidden a moment in his bosom; and when the head was lifted again, curls and tears were shaken back together; and the sun-light, which was now so beautiful, shone out from soul and face unclouded.

THE FALLING LEAF.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

It has been a fancy, born of our day-dreams, that for every leaf that falls, a human soul ascends; for every leaf that unfolds, a spirit glides from the dim past into the active present; and thickly as fall the decaying leaves, do forms of human mold drop into the soil.

We watch the yellow leaf as it struggles with its downward tendency, essaying in vain to hang in mid-air, shrinking from the cold resting place, and buoyed up with a momentary hope as a stray breeze wafts it upward again only to descend more rapidly. It seems to wail, to shrink, as it settles nearer and nearer to the detested soil. As it lies worn out and dead upon the chill earth, the spirit whispers: Another has gone down to the tomb! Nature drops a leaf for every one who falls, as the nun drops a bead for every sin she *thinks*.

As we stand beside the spent leaf, so stand weeping ones around the new-made grave. Ah! as they embalm their dead in tears and undying memories, so will we emblazon thee, thou typifier of human frailty. Thus between the leaves of the book of books the sickly-hued leaf is laid as a *memento mori*. As I gaze on the skeleton form, I follow the decay of the one for whom it fell, and turning thoughtfully away, gaze up to the myriad of leaves, and ask, "Which one shall fall for me?"

Original.

MY SPIRIT-LOVE.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

In the deep shadows of the night
 Some spirit of the air,
 Hovers about, and on its wings
 Soft incense seems to bear,
 And from their waving music softly flows
 Thrilling and sweet, and wild,
 As the glad summer breeze that gently blows
 From the green fields, the fragrance of the rose
 To the sick, pining child.

It breathes upon my throbbing brow,
 And cools my fevered hands,
 And wreathes about my chamber small
 The flowers of purer lands.
 And snowy cloudlets seem to gently fall
 And drape my humble bed,
 And fair, and lofty grows the narrow wall,
 And marble pillars rising straight and tall,
 Lift the arched roof o'erhead.

The golden moon, looks in and smiles
 With a soft, holy light,
 And shews upon the marble floor
 A maze of jewels bright.
 And ever at my side, that spirit fair
 Murmurs in soothing tone,
 And wordless thoughts seem floating on the air
 In music soft; our mingling souls they bear
 Up to our Father's throne.

It lingers o'er me when I sleep
 And whispers in my ear
 With the sweet murmurs of the blest;
 And angels song I hear,
 That lift my soul from sorrow pain and care,
 And bid me look away,
 From the keen pangs my mortal part must bear,
 To the bright glories that await me there,
 In heaven's eternal day.

Summary of Intelligence.**• FOREIGN.**

A MEETING was held on the 14th inst., at Montreal, in front of St. Patrick's Church, at which a large number of Irish Catholics attended. Speeches were made deprecating the conduct of those engaged in the riots, and a series of Resolutions were passed relative to the future maintenance of the peace of the city, and the apprehension of the parties who were engaged in the recent disturbances.

IN consequence of the intolerant attitude lately assumed by the ultramontane party, the Protestant clergy of France, at their last annual conference, appointed a Committee to consider what steps are necessary to take for the maintenance of religious liberty.

THERE are continual conflicts between the soldiers, police and citizens of the city of Mexico. During the night of the 15th of May, three dead soldiers were picked up in the streets.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—It was officially announced, from Punta Arenas, that a cloud of locusts had fallen in the territory between the Baranca and the Chacarite. The Bishop had appealed for prayers.

The plague of locusts had fallen on the City of San Salvador also.

DOMESTIC.

A DESPERATE attempt to escape from the Washington penitentiary was detected on the 1st inst. Camper, a prisoner in charge of the carpenter shop, stole half a dozen rasps, which Rady, a master blacksmith converted into huge bowie knives, with which as many prisoners, who were in the plot, were to defend themselves. They had entered a sewer, and dug under ground thirty feet, and were on the eve of escape when discovered. The ring-leader has been consigned to solitary imprisonment in irons for thirty days.

A NEW and magnificent altar of rosewood, the material of which cost a dollar a pound, has been erected in St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati. The Tabernacle, of the same material, is one of most beautiful things of the kind. The wreathed columns, with their gold Corinthian capitals, are superb. [The virtue of modern Christianity consists in erecting and embellishing the most costly and extravagant edifices for the aristocracy to worship (?) in, instead of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and preaching the gospel to the poor.]

THE boiler of engine No. 58, on the N. Y. & Erie Railroad, which was pushing a heavy freight train up grade, when about half a mile east of Susquehanna, on the 16th inst., at 4 o'clock. P. M., exploded, instantly killing, burning and scalding a large number of persons.

Five are known to have been instantly killed, among whom was the engineer, Mr. ARNOLD.

Two others were so much injured that it is doubtful whether they will survive till morning.

The son of the engineer was very much burned and scalded, and, it is thought, received some internal injuries. Three others are known to have been blown into the river, and, as others are missing, it is thought they shared the same fate.

THE *Galveston News* contains the following account of the massacre of a surveying party:

"Information has just been received here of the most melancholy character, to the effect that Benjamin Hubert's surveying party to the Red River and Ouachita country have all been killed with the exception of Henry Hinds who lies wounded at Fort Belknap. He, it seems, was away from the party on a hunting expedition, and was lanced and shot at on his return but escaped to the fort, about sixty miles off. The Wichita Indians are the perpetrators of this unfortunate tragedy. The death of the Wichita chief was mentioned lately in your paper, and the present slaughter was doubtless intended to revenge his death."

DAVID HUNT, an extensive planter in Mississippi, has sent a donation of \$5,000 to the American Colonization Society, which is in addition to the \$1,000 which he has sent the Society yearly for the last ten years.

ABOUT eight hundred Mormons have left their camp ground at Keokuk, on their way to Salt Lake City. About three thousand in all have arrived there, and about eight hundred more are expected.

A WRITER in the *New Haven Palladium* says that the identical cylinder belonging to the old steamship Savannah, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic, is in the Allaire Works of this city, and will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace, side by side with one of the most approved construction of the present time, to show the contrast.

WHALEMEN KILLED.—Captain Munroe and three seamen, belonging to ship Benjamin Rush, of Warren, R. I., were killed by a whale on the night of the 24th February last. The ship was bound to the Northwest Coast, but in consequence of the disaster has returned home, and arrived at Warren on Tuesday evening.—[*Boston Post*, June 18.]

FATAL DUEL.—Two young men, residing in the Third District, fought a duel at Lake Borgue about some trifling affair, and fired two shots each. One of them, named Lesepe, was killed at the second fire, and the survivor, made his escape. It is understood that neither of the combatants was over twenty one years of age.—[*N. O. Crescent* June 9.]

AN Englishman, named Dyott, has been arrested in New Orleans, charged with an attempt to instigate an insurrection among the slave population of Louisiana.

THERE are ninety-five free colored persons from the interior of Georgia and Tennessee, now in Savannah, awaiting a favorable opportunity to emigrate to Liberia. They are said to be a decent and well disposed people.

PHENOMENAL.

MR. BRYANT, in one of his letters to *The Evening Post*, says :

When I was in Upper Egypt I fell in with an Italian who was employed to obtain sulphur from a mine among these mountains. "They are incredibly rich," said he, "in beds of ore of various metals and other mineral productions; but these can not be worked for want of fuel, Egypt has no mine of coal; all that is used in her steamers and her manufactories is brought from England. She has springs of mineral oil, the indication of beds of coal, and wherever they are to be found, the Government has made excavations to a great depth and great cost, but without success. An Arab in wandering among the mountains near the Red Sea, not long since, found a little pool of quicksilver where it had flowed from the rocks. He attempted to scoop it up with his hands, but it slid through his fingers: he then drew it up into his mouth, filled with it the leathern bottle in which he carried water, and brought it home. He was taken ill immediately afterward and died, probably from the effect of the quicksilver he had swallowed, so that the spot where he found it is still unknown, though diligent search has been made for it."

THE MARVELS OF TABLE MOVING AT ROME.—Table moving is now all the rage in Rome; from the Vatican and Quirinal to the café and osteria, the mystic circle of hands is formed with universal success. The Pope himself has seen and verified the fact, and Cardinal Antonelli had the experiment performed at his palace with such power that an abate was struck to the ground by the force of the accumulated electric fluid. The Jesuits have decided that the influence actually exists, but they have hitherto offered no solution of its modus operandi. —[*Roman Correspondent of the Daily News*.]

SPIRITUAL SPRINGS NEAR CARROLL.—The *Jamestown*, Chataque Co., *Democrat* of Wednesday, says: We learn that the far-famed Spiritual Springs, in the valley of Kaintone, are becoming so popular, and the rush of invalids, Spiritualists, etc., is so great, that the proprietors, Messrs. Chase & Brittingham, have been induced to commence the erection of a spacious hotel, within a few rods of the springs, for the accommodation of visitors. The frame is already up, and we understand the work is to be vigorously prosecuted to completion, and will, in a few weeks, be ready for the reception of customers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Portland Argus*, in a letter dated Frankfort, Maine, June 7, says: "We had an army of caterpillars attack this town day before yesterday. In some places the ground and fences were black with them. They stripped forty oak trees of every leaf in one day, and they were so thick that when we stood under a tree we could hear them eat. It sounded like squirrels cracking nuts. They are all marching one way, right through the village. When they get up among the houses, every house will be full of them."

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN in Texas is an immense oval rock, three hundred feet high, situated about eighty miles north of Bastrop. Its surface is polished, and in sunshine dazzles the beholder at a distance of three or four miles. Those who ascend it have to wear moccasins or stockings, and like those who went up to Mound Horeb, must put off their shoes. The Camanches perform their religious rites on this singular hill.

SOMNAMBULISM.—A few night since a young lady in Cincinnati, left her sleeping apartment, and went to a neighboring tree, which she succeeded in climbing: and seating herself upon a limb commenced singing a plaintive ditty. Her friends were thus attracted to the spot, and she was rescued from her perilous situation.

A WOMAN, living at Enysburg, England, says one of our exchanges, "who had been totally blind for many years, fell down stairs a short time since and the shock to the system by the fall resulted in the restoration of her sight!"

THE soil of Siberia, at the close of the summer, is found still frozen for fifty-six inches beneath the surface, and the dead that have lain in their coffins for one hundred and fifty years, have been taken up unchanged in the least.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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